

5

THE L O N D O N S P Y.

For the *Month of March, 1699.*

PART V.

By the Author of the Trip to JAMAICA.



L O N D O N,
Printed and Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head-Inn-Yard in
Fanchurch-street, 1699.

Books Sold by J. How, in the Ram-Head-Inn-Yard in Fanchurch-Street; J. Weld, at the Crown between the Temple-Gates in Fleet-street; and Mrs. Fabian, at Mercers-Chappel in Cheap-side.

1. **S**ot's Paradise: Or the Humours of a Derby-Ale-House: With a Satyr upon the Ale. Price Six Pence.

2. A Trip to *Jamaica*: With a True Character of the People and Island. Price Six Pence.

3. *Eclesia & Factio*. A Dialogue between *Bow-Steeple-Dragon*, and the *Exchange-Grasshopper*. Price Six Pence.

4. The Poet's Ramble after Riches. With Reflections upon a Country Corporation. Also the Author's Lamentation in the time of Adversity. Price Six Pence.

5. The London Spy, the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Parts. To be Continued *Monthly*. Price Six Pence Each.

6. A Trip to *New-England*. With a Character of the Country and People, both English and Indians. Price Six Pence.

7. Modern Religion and Ancient Loyalty: A Dialogue. Price Six Pence.

8. The World Bewitch'd. A Dialogue between Two Astrologers and the Author. With Infallible Predictions of what will happen in this Present Year, 1699. From the *Vices* and *Villanies* Practis'd in Court, City and Country. Price Six Pence.

9. A Walk to *Islington*: With a Description of New *Tunbridge-Wells*, and *Sadler's Musick-House*. Price Six Pence.

10. The Humours of a Coffee-House: A Comedy. Price Six Pence.



All Written by the same Author.

THE LONDON SPY.



IN our Loitering Perambulation round the out-side of Pauls, we came to a Picture-sellers Shop, where as many Smutty Prints were staring the Church in the Face, as a Learned Debauchee ever found in *Aretine's* Postures. I Observ'd there were more People gazing at these loose Fancies of some Lecherous Graver, than I could see reading of Sermons at the Stalls of all the Neighbouring Booksellers. Amongst the rest of the Spectators, an old Citizen had mounted his Spectacles upon his Nose, and was busily peeping at the Bawdy Representation of the Gentleman and the Milk-Maid. Pray Father, said I, what do you find in that Immodest Picture worth such serious Notice? *Why, I'll tell you, Young Man, says he, I cannot without wonder behold in this Painting the Madness and Vanity of you Young Fellows, with what Confidence you can take a Bear by the Tooth, without the Dread of the Danger.* I rather believe, said I, you gratified some sensual Appetite, by giving Titilation to your Vitious Thoughts, from the Obscenity of the Action. To which he reply'd, *Indeed Mr. Inquisitive, you are much mistaken; but if thy Head had been where his Hand is, I should have veiw'd it with much more Pleasure, To have thought in what a pretty Condition thy Nose had been;* And away he shuffled, with Compassion towards his Corns, as stiff as a *York-shire* Bullock into *Smithfield* Market, very Merry at his Jest; and chattering to himself like a Magpy that has Bilk'd a Gunner.

We Walk'd a little further, and came amongst the Musick-shops, in one of which were so many Dancing-Masters Prentices, Fidling and Piping of *Bories* and *Minuets*, That the Crowd at the door could no more forbear Dancing into the Shop, than the Merry Stones of *Thebes* could refuse capering into the Walls, when Conjur'd from Confusion, into order, by the Power of *Orpheus's* Harmony. Amongst 'em stood a little Red-fac'd Blade, beating Time upon his Counter, with as much Formality, as if a *Bartholemew* Fair Consort, with assistance of a *Jack-pudding*, had been Ridiculing an *Italian* Sonetta in the Ballcony, to draw People into the Booth; and was as Prodiggally Pert, in giving his Instructions to the rest, as a Young Pedagogue Tutoring a Disciple in the hearing of his Father.

Father. We added two to the Number of Fools; and stood a little, making our Ears do Pennance to please our Eyes, with the conceited Motions of the Heads and Hands, which mov'd too and fro with as much deliberate Stiffness, as the Two Wooden Horologists at St. Dunstan's, when they strike the Quarters.

We left these Jingle-Brains to their Crotchets, and proceeded to the West End of the Cathedral; where we past by abundance of Apples, Nuts, and Ginger-bread, till we came to a Melancholly Multitude, drawn into a Circle, giving very serious Attention to a Blind Ballad-singer, who was Mournfully setting forth the wonderful usefulness of a Godly Broad-Side, proper to be stuck up in all Righteous and Sober Families, as a means to continue the Grace of God before their Eyes; and secure even the little Lambs of the Flock, from the Temptations of *Satan*. After he had prepared the Ears of his Congregation, with a tedious Preamble, in Commendation of his Divine Poem; being mounted upon a Stone, above his Blew-Apron Auditory, he began with an Audible Voice to Lirick it over, in a Psalm Tune, to the great satisfaction of the Penitent Assembly; who Sigh'd and Sob'd, shook their Heads and Cry'd; showing a Greater Sorrow and Contrition for their Sins, (which I believe indeed were great) than the Pious Assembly at *Megs's* Dancing-School, when the Reverend Doctor holds-forth upon Death and Judgment. At last he came to the Terrible Words of Hell and Damnation, which he Sang out with such an Emphasis, that he put the People a trembling as if they had all been troubled with a *Tertian Ague*: Who liking not the harsh sound of such Inharmonical Bugbear-Words, began to sneak off, like a Libertine out of a Church, when the Parson galls the old Sores of his Conscience, by pressing too hard upon his Vices. Many Charitable Christians, bought his Religious Sonnets, because he made 'em himself; wondering how a Blind-man should see to Pen such marvellous good things; and remember to Sing them by Heart, without the help of his Eye-sight.

From thence we turn'd in thro' the West Gate of St. Paul's Church-Yard; where we saw a Parcel of Stone-Cutters and Sawyers so very hard at work, that I Protest, notwithstanding the Vehemency of their Labour, and the Temperateness of the Season, instead of using their Handkerchiefs to wipe the Sweat off their Faces, they were most of them blowing their Nails. Bless me! Said I to my Friend, sure this Church stands in a Colder Climate than the rest of the Nation, or else those Fellows are of a strange Constitution, to seem ready to Freez at such Warm Exercise. *You must Consider*, says my Friend, *this is Work carry'd on at a National Charge; and ought not to be hasten'd on in a hurry; for the greatest Reputation it will gain when its Finish'd, will be, That it was so many Years in Building.* From thence we mov'd up a Long Wooden Bridge, that led to the West Porticum of the Church, where we intermix'd with such a Train of Promiscuous Rabble, That I fancy'd we look'd like the Beasts driving into the Ark, in order to Replenish a New Succeeding World.

The first part that I Observ'd of this inabruptable Pile, were the Pillars

lars that sustain'd the Covering of the Porch. I cannot but conceive said I, that Legs of this Vast Strength and Magnitude, are much too big for the Weight of so small a Body it supports. In answer to which, my Friend repeats me this following Fable.

There was a Little Carpenter, and he hew'd himself a Mighty strong Stool out of the whole Timber, to sit and Smoke a Pipe on at his Door: A Passenger coming by, seeing such a Disproportion between the Man and his Seat, took an Occasion to ask him, *Why he had made such a huge Clumsy Stool for such a Pigmy of a Man?* He replied, *He lik'd it himself, and car'd not whether any Body else did or not:* Adding, *He intended it to serve the Childrens Children of his Grand Children: And besides, the stronger it is, says he, if any Body finds fault, the better able it is to bear their Reflections.*

From thence we enter'd the Body of the Church; the Spaciousness of which we could not discern for the Largeness of the Pillars. What think you now, says my Friend? Pray how do you like the Inside? I'll tell you, said I, I must needs answer you as a Gentleman did another, who was a Great Admirer of a very Gay Lady, and ask'd his Companion whether he did not think her a Woman of Extraordinary Beauty? Who answer'd, *Truly he could not tell, she might be so for ought he knew; for he could see but very little of her Face for Patches.* Poh, Poh, says the other, *You must not quarrel at that, she designs them as Ornaments.* To which his Friend reply'd, *Since she has made them so large, fewer might have serv'd her turn; or if she must wear so many, she might have Cut 'em less; and so I think by the Pillars.*

We went a little further, where we Observ'd Ten Men in a Corner, very busy about Two Mens Work; taking as much care that every one should have his due proportion of the Labour, as so many Thieves, in making an Exact division of their Booty. The wonderful piece of difficulty, the whole Number had to perform, was to drag along a Stone of about three Hundred Weight, in a Carriage, in order to be hoisted upon the Moldings of the Cupula, but were so fearful of dispatching this Facile Undertaking with too much Expedition, that they were so long in hauling on't half the length of the Church, that a couple of Lusty Porters in the same time, I am certain, would have carry'd it to *Paddington*, without Resting of their Burthen.

From thence we approach'd the Quire, the North-side, by the entrance of which, being very much defac'd by the Late Fire, occasion'd by the Carelessness of a Plumber, who had been mending some defective Pipes of the Organs; which unhappy Accident has given the Dissenters so far an opportunity to reflect upon the use of Musick in our Churches, that they Scruple not to vent their Spleen, by saying, 'Twas a Judgment from Heav'n upon their Carvings, and their Fopperies, for displeasing the Ears of the Almighty with the Prophane Tootings of such abominable *Cat-Calls*. Tho' some of the most Learned amongst 'em, and in particular Mr. Baxter, were of a different Opinion, as to the use of grave Musick in Holy Places; and so highly extoll'd and commended to all Christians the Usefulness of it, that in his *Christian Directory*, he expresses these Words,

viz. As Spectacles are a Comfortable Help to the Reading of the Divine Scriptures, so Musick Serves to Exhilarate the Soul in the Service of Almighty God.—

Afternoon Prayers being now ready to begin, we pass'd into the Quire, which was adorn'd with all those graceful Ornaments, that could any ways add a becoming Beauty to the Decency, Splendor, and Nobility of so Magnificent a Structure; which indeed consider'd abstractly from the whole, is so Elegant, Awful, and well-compos'd a Part, that nothing but the Glorified Presence of Omnipotence can be worthy of so much Art, Grandure, and Industry as shines there, to the Honour of God, and Fame of Humane Excellence.

When Prayers were over, which indeed was Perform'd with that Harmonious Reverence, and Exhilarating Order, Sufficient to reclaim the Wickedness of Men, from following the Untunable Discord of Sin; and bring them over to the Enlivening Harmony of Grace and Goodness; We then return'd into the Body of the Church, happily intermix'd with a Crow'd of Good Christians, who had concluded, with us, their Afternoons Devotion.

We now took Notice of the vast distance of the Pillars from whence they turn the Cupula, on which, they say, is a Spire to be Erected three Hundred Foot in height; Whose Towering Pinnacle will stand with such Stupendious Loftiness above *Bow-Steeples* Dragon or the *Monuments* Flaming Urn, that it will appear to the Rest of the Holy Temples, like a Cedar of *Lebanon* among so many Shrubs, or a *Goliath* looking over the Shoulders of so many *Dauids*.

As we were thus gazing with great Satisfaction, at the Wondrous Effects of Humane Industry; raising our Thoughts by degrees, to the Marvellous Works of Omnipotence, from those of his Creatures, we Observed an Old Country fellow leaning upon his Stick, and staring with great amazement up towards Heaven, thro' the Circle from whence the Arch is to be turn'd: Seeing him fix'd in such a ruminating Posture, I was desirous of knowing his Serious Thoughts, in order to discover which, I ask'd him his Opinion of this Noble Building; and how he lik'd the Church? *Church!* reply'd he, *'tis no more like a Church than I am. Ad-heart! Its more by half like a great Goose Pye I have seen at my Landlords; and this Embroider'd hole in the middle of the Top is like the Place in the upper Crust where they put in the Butter.* I could not forbear laughing at the odness of Slouch's Notion; and hoping to hear something further from him that might give us a little Diversion, we continued his Company. *Prithee,* said I, honest Country-man, since thou do'st not believe it to be a Church, what place do'st thou take it to be? *Why* says he, *I'll warrant you now thou think'st me to be such an Arrant Fool I can't tell, but thou art mistaken; for my Vather was a Trooper to Oliver Cromwel, and I have heard him say, Many a time, he has set up his Horse here; and do you think the Lord will ever Dwell in a House made out of a Stable?* That was done, said I, by a parcel of Rebellious People, who had got the upper-hand of the Government; and car'd not what Murder, Sacrilege, Treason, and Mischief they Committed: But it was a Church before it was converted to that Heathenish use

use, and so it is now. *Why then, says Roger, I think in good Truth the Cavaliers are as much to blame in making a Church of Stable, as the Round-heads were, in making a Stable of a Church; and there's a Rowland for your Oliver; and so good-by to you.* Away he trudg'd, like the true Offspring of Schismatical and Rebellious Ancestors; expressing in his looks no little Malice and Contempt towards the Magnificency of the Building, which they have been always ready to deface, when they have had any opportunity.

We now began to Stifle our Sober and more Elevated Thoughts and Contemplations; and form in our selves a sutable Temper, to a different Undertaking; which was to observe some Disconsolate Figures which were wandring about the Church like Mice in an empty Barn, or Snails in a Vintners Cellar; as if their Mellancholy thoughts had tempted them foolishly to look for what they were assur'd they should not find; Some of them look'd as pale as if troubled with the Hypochondry, and fancy'd themselves to be walking in some Subteranean Cavern, far remote from that Transitory World in which they had once been Sinners. These had their Eyes cast down, as if they had great regard to their Footsteps, as if they were under some Melancholy Apprehension (if they took not great care) of slipping into a Bottomless-Pit, from whence there is no Redemption.

Others walking with their Arms Across, staring about with their Eyes directed altogether upwards, as if they were so deeply fallen in Love with the Beauty of the Building, that their Senses were Ravish'd with each Masterly stroak of the skillful Stone-Cutter. Amongst the rest, here and there a Lady, who look'd as Wild and Wanton, as if (tho she was admiring the Church) she thought more on a Gallant than she did on her Devotions; and would rather sing a Song, than say her Prayers; or see a Play, than hear a Sermon.

The next that we remark'd, were a kind of a Cuckoldy Row of penurious Citizens, consisting in Number of about half a dozen; who, I suppose, had taken Sanctuary in the Church to talk Treason with safety, or because it was Cheaper walking there, then sitting in a Coffee-house: Their Heads, Tongues, Hands, and Eyes, were all eagerly in Motion, showing they were extraordinary intent upon some wonderful Projection. At last I conjectur'd from words which I over-heard, they were some of the shallow-brain'd *Cullies*, who were drawn in by the *Land-Bank*, and were fumbling out a Method of licking themselves whole, by cheating of other People. These I thought, like the Money-Changers ought to have been whip'd out of the Temple.

There was nothing offer'd worth our further Observation, except a parcel of Wenches fit for Husbands, playing at Hoop and Hide among the Pillars, who were full able enough, and, I suppose, willing, of an Evening to help the young Work-men home with their Tools, if they would venture to thrust them into their Custody. This revelling of Girls I thought was very indecent; and ought to be carefully prevented, lest the New Church be polluted far worse than the Old one; and instead of a Stable be defil'd with worse Beasts than Horses. From

From thence we made our Egress on the South-side; and quitted the Consecrated bounds of this Holy Leviathan; and cross'd a Dirty Kennel to take a view of a Parcel of Cleanly Beau Prentices, who were walking in their Masters Shops with their Perriwigs just Comb'd out of Buckle, well drudg'd with the Barbers Powdering Puff, the extravagant use of which, made them appear so Party-Colour'd, That their upper Parts look'd like Millers; and their Coats, from the Waist downwards, hanging in as many folds as a Watermans Dublet, to show there was more Cloth in the Skirts of one Tunica, than any of their Ancestors wore in a whole Suit. But thus much may be said in excuse of 'em, They may the better afford it, because they are *Woollen-Drapers*.

By this time we were come to an Arch, where we turn'd in, on the left hand of which many Scutcheons were hung out, as if Funerals were more in Fashion at this End of the Town, than any part I had yet seen. Had I been skill'd in Heraldry, I might have Blazon'd the Vanity of a great many Noble Families, who are apt to Boast of their Coates of Arms, tho' there are blots which denote *Treason* in one, *Cowardice* in another, *Illgitimacy* in a third, and *Murder* in a fourth, &c. Yet the Vulgar understanding them not, they are sometimes Reverenc'd for that Painted Distinction which they ought to be Asham'd of. I ask'd my Friend the meaning of all these Gawdy Hieroglyphicks being hung out in so private a Thorough-fare. You are Mistaken, says he, this is a Place of Great Business, for most Persons who Travel in Dead Mens Shooes are Necessitated to come this way, and ask leave of those who never knew one of their Family, whether they shall Enjoy that which no Body has any Right to but themselves: And that Shop where you see so many Good Colours flung away upon Paper, like so much Gold upon Ginger-bread, belongs to a *Herald Painter*, who indeed (give him his due) is as honest a Man as ever guided Pencile; and has taken as much pains, at his own expence, to detect a Knave, and prevent the Publick's being Cheated, as ever his Neighbour did to subdue a Stubborn Conscience, and make it pliable to his Own and the Nation's Int'rest: This is his Office, who upon just grounds laid open the Funeral Interloper, the Robber, instead of Preserver, of the Dead; the Cozener of the Living, the Corrupter of Gentlemens Coachmen, the Invader of Tradesmens Properties, the Undervalluer of poor Menr Labour, the Fool of an Embalmer, and the Knave of an Undertaker.

Pray, said I, whose great House is that on the Right-hand, which, tho' it looks so stately, it appears as plain as a Physicians Coach, or a Gouty States-mans Horse-Litter? Why that, reply'd my Friend, was a large Trap set by the Government to Catch the *Popular Weasle*, so much talk'd of, who stood so long tottering in the beginning of the Revolution, between Hawk and Buzzard, but at last he snap'd at the Bait, and was taken; and from a Man of a Discontented Conscience, is become as well satisfied since, as if *De Jure* and *De Facto* had never been a point in Question. This is the Seat of him, to his everlasting praise be it spoken, who serv'd his Followers as *Saul* did the *Gentles*, and became a Convert to the Faith in Fashion: There being this Difference to be consider'd, The one got a Better Name, and a Worse Living; The other a Better Living,

Living, but a Worse Name. He has been Baited Fifty times worse than ever the *Tygar* was; for every Scribling Mungrel in the Town has had a fair snap at him, till at last they *Uncas'd* him, but all to little purpose; for his Case since is so well amended, that there are but three Dangers which he stands in fear of, *viz.* The Coming of King *J—s*, the Scolding of his Wife, and a Consumption.

That place, says he, on the Left-hand, is a Spiritual Purgatory, to torment *Fornicators* and *Adulterers*: Where they bring many Sinners to *Pen-nance*, but very few to *Repentance*. And use to Excommunicate People Out of the Church, for not Going thither. That me thinks, said I, is like forcing a Man to Forbear such Viſtials which he cannot endure to Eat, or Debar-ing him of such Company, which he always hated to keep. This Liberty of Conscience, says my Friend, has been a Devilish Thorn in their sides; for in the Joyful days of Church-Persecution, they us'd to have two or three Brace of Dissenters every Morning for Breakfast, but now the Office is dwindled into such a Vacancy of Business, that their Neighbouring Vint-ner despairs of ever being made an Alderman; for the *White-horse* Ale-house has run away with most of his Customers.

Pray, said I, whither does that Passage lead, where those Country Fel-lows stand gaping and staring about? That, reply'd my Friend, is *Doctors Commons*; and they are come to Town about the Probat of some last dying Will and Testament, Administration, Caveat, or some such Business. It's wonder none of the Spiritual Cormorants have seiz'd them yet, for they are generally as quick-sighted as Hawkes, and love as dearly to Prey upon a Country Curmudgion, as a Hound does upon Horse-flesh. In that Court Live the Learned Readers of the Law Civil, who made such a terrible bustle with the Poor Word *Abdication*; but after all their Debates and Consul-tations, could not, with the assistance of their Magick, Conjure up any other Puzzling *Crambo* so proper for their purpose; and at last did ap-prove that the Word might stand, instead of a better.

We adjourn'd from thence back into *Paul's Church-Yard*, and turn'd Westward into a famous street, wherein a Noble Postern was presented to our View, the stateliness of its Appearance made me inquisitive with my Friend what they call'd this Edifice; to what purpose Built, and to what Use Converted. Who told me it was call'd *Ludgate*, rais'd both as an Or-nament and Security of the City. And thro' a Charitable Compassion to Unfortunate Citizens, it is made a Commodious Prison for Freemen; furnish'd with such Conveniencies, and so plentifully supply'd with Pro-visions, by the Gifts of Good People, and other Certain Allowances, that many live far better in it, than ever they did out on't; and are so fallen in Love with their Confinement, that they would not change it for Liberty.

After we had shot the Arch, we turn'd up a street, which my Compa-nion told me was the *Old-Baily*. We walk'd on till we came to a great pair of Gates; it being a Remarkable place, according to my usual Custome, I requested my Friend to give me some further knowledge of the mat-ter, who Inform'd me 'twas *Justice-Hall*, where a Dooms-day Court was held once a Month, to Sentence such Canary-Birds to a Penitential Psalm,

who will rather be Choak'd by the Product of Hempseed, for living Roguishly, than exert their Power in Lawful Labour, to purchase their Bread Honestly. In this narrow part of the Street, into which we are now passing, many a such wretch has taken his last walk; for we are going towards that famous University, where, if a Man has a mind to Educate a hopeful Child in the Daring Science of Padding, the Light-finger'd Subtlety of Shop-lifting, the excellent use of Jack and Crow for the silently drawing Bolts, and forcing Barricadoes; with the knack of Sweetening; or the most ingenious dexterity of Picking Pockets, let him but enter him in this Colledge on the Common-side, and Confine him close to his study but for three Months, and if he does not come out Qualified to take any Degree of Villany, he must be the most honest Dunce that ever had the Advantage of such Eminent Tutors.

From thence my Friend led me thro a Place call'd *Gilt-spur-street*, and brought me to a spacious Level, which he told me was distinguish'd by the Name of *Smithfield-Rounds*, which entertain'd our Nostrils with such a Savory Scent of Roast-meat, and surpris'd my Ears with the Jingling Noise of so many Jacks, that I star'd about me like a Country Bumpkin in *Spittle-fields* amongst so many Throsters-Mills; and seeing such a busie Number of Cooks at work, I thought my self in the Kitchen to the Universe; and wonder'd where the Gluttons could Live who were to devour such vast Quantities of fundry sorts of Food, which run so merrily round before Large Fires, in every Greasy Mansion. We soon deliver'd our squeamish Stomachs from the Surfeitng Fumes that arose from their Rotten-roasted Diet, which made the street stink like a *Hampshire* Farmers Yard, when singeing of a Bacon-Hog.

And from thence we proceeded to the Rails, where Country Carters stood Arm'd with their Long Whips, to keep their Teams (upon Sale) in a due *Decorum*, who were drawn up into the most tightly order, with their fore-feet mounted on a Dung-hill, and their Heads dress'd up to as much advantage as an Inns-of-Court Sempstress, or the Mistress of a Boarding-School: Some with their Manes Frizzled up, to make 'em appear high Wither'd, that they look'd as Fierce as one of *Hungess's* Wild-Boares. Others with their Manes Plaited, as if they had been ridden by the Night-Mare: And the Fellowes that attended 'em made as uncooth Figures as the Monsters in the *Tempest*. Amongst these Cattel, here and there, was the Conductor of a Dung-Cart, in his Dirty Surplice, wrangling about the Price of a Beast, as a wary Purchaser; and that he might not be deceived in the Goodness of the Creature, he must see him stand Three fair pulls at a Post, to which the poor Jade's ty'd, that he may exert his Strength, and show the Clown her Excellencies; for which he stroases him on the Head, or claps him on the Buttocks, to recompence his Labour

We went a little further, and there we saw a parcel of Poor ragged Rascallions, mounted upon Scrubbed Tits, scowring about the Rounds; some Trotting, some Galloping, some Pacing, and others Stumbling; blundering about in that Confusion, that I thought them, like so many Beggars on Horse-back, Riding to the Devil; or a Parcel
of

of *French* Protestants upon *Dover* Road, scrambling Post-haste up to *Pick-a-dilly*

Pray Friend, said I, what are those Eagle-look'd Fellows in their Narrow-brim'd White-Beavers, Jockeys Coats, a Spur in one heel, and Bend-ed Sticks in their Hands, that are so busily peeping into every Horses Mouth, and saunter about the Market like Wolves in a Wilderness, as if they were seeking whom they should Devour? Those Blades, says my Friend, art a subtle sort of *Smithfield*-Foxes, call'd *Horse-Courfers*, who Swear every Morning by the Bridle, They will never from any Man suffer a Knavish Trick, or ever do an Honest one. They are a sort of *English Jews*, that never deal with a Man but they Cheat him; and have a rare faculty of Swearing a Man out of his Senses; Lying him out of his Reason, and Cozening him out of his Money. If they have a Horse to sell that is Stone-blind, they'll call a Hundred Gods to Witness he can see as well as you can. If he be down-right Lamé, they will use all the Affeверations that the Devil can assist 'em with, that it's nothing but a Spring-hault. If he be as rotten as a Town-Stallion who has been Twenty times in the Powdering-Tub, they will warrant, upon their Souls Damnation, he's as Sound as a Roach. And if he be Twenty Years Old, they'll Swear he comes but Seven next Grass, if they find the Buyer has not Judgment enough to discover the Contrary.

I perceive, said I, this is a Market for Black Cattle as well as Horses: Yes, reply'd my Friend, if we had come in the Morning, you would have seen the Butchers as Busie in handling the Flanks and Arses of Oxen, as now the Jockeys are in fumbling about the Jaws of Horses: But now the Market is almost over: yet you may see some *Welsh* Runts and *Scotch* Carrion, which wait for the coming of *Shore-ditch* Butchers, who buy 'em up for the *Spittle-fields* Weavers, and the Poorer sort of *Hugonites*, who have taken possession of that part of the Town; and, like the *Scots*, have no great kindness for Fat Meat, because they never us'd to Eat any in their own Country.

Come, says my Friend, now we are here, we'll take a turn quite round, and then we shall escape nothing worth observing. In order to compleat our Circular Walk, we mov'd on; but had as many Stinking-whiffs of *Oroonoko* Tobacco blown into our Nostrils, as would have cur'd an Afflicted Patient of the Tooth-ach, or put a Nice Lady into a gentle Salvation.

By this Time we were come to an Arch, about the middle of the Row, where a parcel of Long-leg'd Loobies were stuffing their Lean Carcasses with Rice Milk and Furmity, till it run down at each corner of their Mouths back into their Porringers, that each of them were a true Copy of *Martin Barwel's* Feeding the Cat with Custard: We pass'd by these devouring Gang of Milk-sops, and came up to the Corner of a narrow Lane, where *Money for Old Books* was writ upon some part or other of every Shop, as surely as *Money for Live Hair*, upon a *Barbers* Window. We took a short turn into it, and so came back, where we saw a Couple of poor Schollars, with disconsolate Looks, and in Thredbare Black Coats,
Selling

Selling their Authors at a Penny a Pound, which their Parents perhaps had Purchas'd with the Sweat of their Brows. And a Parson almost in every Shop, searching the Shelves with as much Circumspection to find out a Book worth Purchasing, as ever Cock us'd upon a Dunghill of Rubbish when he's scraping for an Oat worth Pecking.

Being now pretty well tired with our Days Journey, we concluded to Refresh our selves with one quart of Claret, before we walk'd any further; and being near the Sign of Honours Fountain, the Crown, the Representation of which Royal Diadem, I thought no Vintner would presume to distinguish his House by, unless he had Wine in his Cellar fit to bless the Lips of Princes; to experience the Truth of which Notion, we step'd in, where the Jolly Master, like a true Kinsman of the *Bacchanalian* Family, met us in the Entry with a Manly Respect; and bid us wellcome. We desir'd he would show us up staires into a Room forward; accordingly in his own proper Person, like a Complaisant Gentleman Usher, he conducted us into a large stately Room; where, at first Entrance, I discern'd the Masterly Stroakes of the fam'd *Fuller's* Pencil, the whole Room being Painted with that commanding Hand, that his Dead Figures appear'd with such Lively Majesty, that they begot Reverence in us the Spectators, towards the Awful Shadows; our Eyes were so Delighted with this Noble Entertainment, that every Glance gave new Life to our weary Senses.

We now beg'd him to oblige us with a Quart of his Richest Claret, such as was fit only to be drunk in the presence of such Heroes, into whose Company he had done us the Honour to Introduce us. He accordingly gave directions to his Drawer, who return'd with a Quart of such inspiring Juice, that we thought our selves Translated into one of the Houses of the Heavens, and were there Drinking Immortal Nectar, amongst Gods and Goddesses. My Friend, like my self, was so wonderfully pleas'd at this Obliging Usage, that he was very Importunate with me to Scribble a few Lines in Commendation of our Present State of Happiness, which to gratifie his desire, I Perform'd; and Present to the Reader.

WHO can such Blessings, when they're found, resign?
An Honest Vintner, Faithful to the Vine;
A Spacious Room, Rare Painting, and Good Wine?

Such Tempting Charms what Mortal can avoid?
Where such Perfections are at once Enjoy'd,
Who can be Dull, or who be ever Cloid?

If you would Love, see there fair Pallas stands;
How Chaste her Looks? How Fine her Breasts and Hands?
Her Eyes raise Wonder, and your Heart Commands.

If you to Wit or Musick would aspire,
Gaze at the Nine, that Blest Harmonious Quire,
They'll Kindle in your Thoughts new sparks of Fire.

*If to the Warlike Mars you'd be a Friend,
And learn to bravely Conquer or Defend,
See Ajax and Ulysses there Contend.*

*If neither Love or Arms your Temper Suit;
Nor wish to be Wise, Musical, or Stout
Here Wine will make you truly Blest with ut.*

By this time we had Tippled off our Salubrious Juice; and Business denying us leisure to Renovate our Lives with t'other Quart, we took our leaves, with a promise to recompence this respectful Usage, at a better Opportunity. We had not gone above Ten Strides from the Door, but we saw a Cluster of Tun-belly'd Mortals, with Malignant Aspects, Arm'd with sturdy Oak, of an unlawful size, looking as sharp upon every Passenger, as if, Canibal-like, they were just ready to devour 'em. I enquir'd of my Friend, what he took these ill-favour'd Crew to be, whose Bull-Dog Countenances, and Preposterous Bodies, spoke 'em betwixt Men and Monsters? These Fellows, says my Companion, which you seem to be so much Amaz'd at, are nothing but Serjants, who are waiting to give some body a Clap on the Shoulder: This Corner is their Plying-place; and is as seldom to be found without Rogue, as *Grays-Inn-Walks* without a Whore, or *New-gate-Market* without a Basket-Woman. We mov'd on from thence, till we came to the Corner of a Street, from whence a parcel of Nimble-Tongu'd Sinners leap'd out of their Shops and swarm'd about me like so many Bees about a Honey-suckle; some got me by the Hands, some by the Elbows, and others by the Shoulders: and made such a Noise in my Ears, that I thought I had Committed some Egregious Trespass unawares, and they had seiz'd me as a Prisoner: I began to struggle hard for my Liberty; but as fast as I Loos'd my self from one, another took me into Custody. Wounds! said I, what's the matter? What wrong have I done you? Why do you lay such Violent hands upon me? At last a Fellow, with a Voice like a Speaking-Trumpet, came up close to my Eares, and founded forth, *Will you buy any Cloaths?* A Pox take you said I, you are ready to Tear a Mans Cloaths off his Back and then ask him whether he'll buy any. Prithee let mine alone and they will serve me yet this Six Months. But they still hustled me backwards and forwards, like a taken Pick-pocket in a Crow'd, till at last I made a Loose, and scamper'd like a Rescu'd Prisoner from a Gang of Bailiffs; my Friend standing all the while and laughing at me. Pray said I, what's the meaning of these unmannerly Clip-Nits using Passengers with this shameful Incivility? Certainly 'tis greater Pennance for a Man to walk thro' this Confounded Wardrobe, than 'tis to run the Gantlet. But what is the meaning they did not treat you after the same manner? You must know, says he, they can distinguish a Country Man as well by his Looks, as you can a Parson by his Robes; and being a parcel of unlucky Vermin, they teiz a Stranger to the Town as much to make themselves Sport, as to promote the Sale of their Goods; and if they had got you up a little higher, they would have handed you quite thro the Lane; for its like a Gulf, when you're a little way enter'd, the Current will carry you thro' The Masters of those Shops will give you as much Wages for one of those Tongue-pading Sweetners, who stand Sentinel at their

D

Doors,

Doors, as an Illiterate Mountebank will allow to a good Oratour, *i. e.* fifty Shillings, or three Pounds a Week. They are like the Jack-all to the Lyon, they Catch the Prey for the Master; and if once they get you but into their Shops, they as certainly cheat you before you get out again, as you go in with Money in your Pocket: For they will out-Wheedle a Gipsie, out-Swear a Common Gamster, out-Lie an Affidavit-Man, and out-Cozen a Tally-Man. They will make up New Cloaths, and sell 'em for Second-hand, and get more Money by 'em, then the Top-ingst Taylor in Town ever got by a Young Heir, when he made his Cloaths upon Credit. They are a Pack of the sharpest Knaves about London; and are as great a Grievance to the Publick, as the Royal-Oak Lottery. Since they have serv'd me so affrontively, and you have given me such a hopeful Character of 'em, I'll lend them a few of my good Wishes, to Revenge my self of their Rudeness to me.

MAY the Cockroach and Moth,
Eat such holes in their Cloth,
That the Prime-Cost may never return-in;
But must all be laid by,
For a Black Rusty Dy,
Fit for Dead-mongers Lacquays to Mourn-in.

May their Second-hand Stocks,
Of Coats, Breeches, and Cloakes,
Hang by till they're quite out of Fashion;
And like Userers Bags,
May they Rot into Rags,
And Provoke the Damn'd Knaves to a Passion.

May their Taylors ne'er Trust,
Nor their Servants prove Just;
And their Wives and their Families vex 'em:
May their Foreheads all Ake,
And their Debtors all Break;
And their Consciences daily Perplex 'em.

With their Whores may they Sport,
Till their Noses fall short,
And have none but a Quack to come Nigh 'em;
And in Fluxing become,
Lame, Deaf, Blind, and Dumb,
That a Man may walk Quietly by 'em.

Having thus taken our Farewel of these Hempen-look'd Tormenters, we Strol'd along till we came into a Corner, where the Image of a Bear stood out upon a Sign-post, perk'd upon his Arse with a great Faggot-Bat in his Claws, that he look'd like one of the City Waites playing upon the Double Curtell. Beneath the Effiges of his Uglinefs, a parcel of Swine lay Couchant in the Dirt, attended with a Guard of Loufie Ragamuffins, with one Hand in their Necks and the other in their Codpieces, looking like some of the Devils Drovers, who had brought his Hogs to a fair Market;

Market; smelling as Frouzily together, as so many Flitches of Ruff Bacon, or *Bruins* Bed-chamber in the *Bear-Garden*.

We Jogg'd on from thence, to relieve our Noses from their Sweaty Feet and Nasty Jackets, that out-stunk a Dog-kennel, and cros'd over, Fetlock Deep in Mud and Filthiness, to the Sheep-Pens: Where a parcel of Dirty Mungrels did the Drudgery of their worse look'd Masters; and reduc'd each stragling Innocent to his proper Order and *Decorum*. Butchers were here as Busie as Brokers upon Change; and were groping their Ware, with as much Caution, to know whether they are Sound and Wholesome, as a Prudent Sports-man would a New the-Acquaintance of a Loose Conversation. Money, in every House seem'd to be a plentiful Commodity; for every Ruffet-colour'd Clown was either Paying or Receiving, to the great uneasiness of such who pass'd by and wanted it. We walk'd on till we came the end of a little stinking Lane, which my Friend told me was *Chick-Lane*; where Measly Pork, and Neck-Beef stood out in Wooden Platters, adorn'd with Carrots, and Garnish'd with the Leafs of Mary-golds: Where, Carriers and Drovers sat in Publick View, stuffing their Insatiate Appetites, with greasie Swines Flesh, till the Fat Drivel'd down from the Corners of their Mouths, as Spittle from the Lips of a Changeling.

Having now seen all the Market could afford, we cross'd the Rounds, and went into a Lofty Cloister, which my Friend told me was the *Lame-Hospital*: Where a parcel of Wretches were hopping about, by the assistance of their Crutches, like so many *Lincoln's-Inn-Field* Mumpers, drawing into a Body to attack the Coach of some Charitable Lord: Women were here almost as Troublesome as the *Long-Lane* Clickers, and were so importunate with us to have some Dealings with them, that we had much ado to forbear handling their Commodities. I look'd about me, and could not forbear taking Notice of two things, *viz.* The *Prettiness* of the *Place*, and the *Homeliness* of the *Women*. Sure, said I, the Noblemen never come to this *Seraglio* to choose themselves Mistresses; for, I protest, I can scarce see one among them all handsome enough to make a Wife for a Parson. As many Names were Pencill'd out upon the Walls, as if there had been the Genealogy of the Twelve Tribes, or a publick Register of all the Topping Cuckolds in the City. I ask'd my Friend the meaning of this Long Catalogue of Esquires and Worships, who told me, they were the Names of the Benefactors, Ostentatiously set up, that every Passenger may see what a Number of Charitable Lord Mayors and Aldermen we have had in our Famous Metropolis: And indeed it was Politically enough done of the Governours; for its a great Encouragement for others, who Glory in their Good Deeds, to do the like: Who, if it was not for seeing their Names in great Letters, to Vainly beget amongst Men an Opinion of their Peity, would no more dispose of a Groat to Charitable Uses, than they would give a Portion to a Daughter who has pleas'd herself in the Choice of a Husband, without the Consent of her Father, You may Imagine by the Number of the Names, it is largely Endow'd, there being several other Branches belonging to the same Foundation, as *Kingsland* Hospital, and *St. Thomas's* in *Southwark*. And Pray, said I, what are these Hospitals for? My Friend answering, for the receiving of Sick and Lame Soldiers and Seamen,
and

and other Poor Wretches, that can make Interest; and here they keep 'em upon Water-gruel and Milk-porridge, till they are either Dead or Well; and then they turn them either into this Wide World, or the Next, about their Business.

We went from thence (thro a Narrow Entry, which led us by a parcel of Diminutive Shops, where some were buying Gloves, some smoking Tobacco, others drinking Brandy) into a famous Piazza, where one was Selling of Toys, another Turning of Nut-crackers, a third, with a pair of Dividers, marking out such a parcel of Tringum-Trangums, to understand the Right Use of which, is enough to puzzle the Brains of an *Esculapius*. From hence we pass'd into another Cloister, whose Rusty Walls and Obsolete Ornaments denoted great Antiquity; where abundance of little Children, in Blue Jackets and Kite-Lanthorn'd Caps, were very busy at their several Recreations. This, says my Friend, was Originally founded by *Edward the Sixth*, for the Education of Poor Children; but has been largely improv'd since by additional Gifts; and is one of the Noblest Foundations in *England*. No Youth can have the Advantage of a better Education; and are afterwards provided for according as they're Qualified, being sent either to Sea, Trades, or the University. There is a Ridiculous Story reported, and Credited by many People, which is, *That a Gentlewoman possess'd of Great Riches, when she came to Die, gave her whole Estate to this Hospital, leaving behind her a poor Sister, for whom she Neglected to make any Provision, who having the Expectancy of the Estate after the others decease, and finding herself unhappily disappointed, and Reflecting too deeply upon her Unfortunate Condition, and the unkindness of her Sister, broke her Heart; and upon her Death Bed rashly pronounc'd the Curse of some Distemper always to attend the Hospital: ever since which time it has not been freed from the Itch: But I look upon this Tale to be very Fabulous; for indeed it would be very wonderful that so many hundred Children, tho' look'd after with all the Cleanliness imaginable, should at any time be all free from those Distempers to which they are chiefly Incident.*

After we had taken a Turn round the Cloister, we made our Egress towards *Newgate Street*, in order to pay a Visit to *Physicians-Colledge*, and some other Neighbouring Places; an Account of which, for want of Room, I shall defer till my Next.

F I N I S.
